

GOD'S GREAT WEEK'S WORK.

BERNARD ON THE WORLD'S CREATION.

Talmage's Recent Sermon—Light the First Thing Needed—Water and Cleanliness—The Mechanism of Man—Saturday of the First Week.

The striking sermon Dr. Talmage delivered Sunday morning to an audience which filled the new Tabernacle in every part dealt with a topic of interest to all who have watched the discussions agitating the churches. Whenever the question of the inspiration of the Bible is raised, the most trustworthy of the Mosaic narrative of the creation is always the point chiefly assailed. The fact that so prominent and eloquent a preacher as Dr. Talmage places himself clearly on record on the side of orthodoxy will doubtless have a marked influence on public opinion. His text was Genesis 1:31. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

From Monday morning to Saturday night gives us a week's work. If we have filled that week with successes we are happy. But I am going to tell you what God did in one week. Cosmology, geology, astronomy, ornithology, ichthyology, botany, anatomy, are such vast subjects that no human life is long enough to explore or comprehend any one of them. But I have thought I might in an unusual way tell you a little of what God did in one week and that the first week. And whether you make it a week of days or a week of ages, I care not, for I shall reach the same practical result of reverence and worship.

The first Monday morning found swinging in space the piled-up lumber of rocks and metal and soil and water from which the earth was to be built. God made up His mind to create a human family and they must have a house to live in. But where? Not a roof, not a wall, not a door, not a room was fit for occupancy. There is not a pile of black basalt in Yellowstone park or an extinct volcano in Honolulu so inappropriate for human residence as this globe at this early period. Moreover, there was no human architect to draw a plan, no quarryman to dig the stone, no carpenter to hew out a beam and no mason to trowel a wall. Poor prospect! But the time was coming when a being called man was to be constructed out of the elements of the earth. Where he could find a home to which he could take his mate had been a wonderment to angelic intelligences. There had been earthquakes enough, and volcanoes enough, and glaciers enough, and hurricanes enough, and floods enough, and destruction enough, to build a worse looking world than this never swung. It was heaped up deformities, scarifications and monstrosities. The Bible says it was without form. That is, it was not round, it was not square, it was not a cube, it was not a rhomboid. God never did take any one in His counsel, but if He had asked some angel about the attempt to turn this planet into a place for human residence, the angel would have said, "No, no, try some other world; the crevices of this earth are too deep; its crags are too appalling; its darkness is too thick."

But Monday morning came. I think it was a spring morning, and about 4:30 o'clock. The first thing needed was light. It was not needed for God to work by, for He can work as well in darkness. But light may be necessary, for angelic intelligences are to see in full glory the process of world building. But summer the candle where the candleburn where is the chandelier? No rising sun will roll in the morning, for if the sun is already created, its light will not yet reach the earth in three days. No moon or stars can brighten the night, for the moon and stars are not born yet, or, if created, their light will not yet reach the earth for some time yet. But there is need of immediate light. Where shall it come from? Desiring to accord for things a natural way, I tell you, say, and reasonably say, that heat and electricity throw out light independent of the sun, and that the metallic bases throw out light independent of the sun, and that alkalies throw out light independent of the sun. Oh, yes, all that is true, but do not think that the way light was created. The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that veiled the hemisphere, and the chaos of it, and the awful researches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew or, or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing, and pervading fluid, that light which thrills and garlands and lifts everything it touches, that word the full meaning of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring, the word which suggests a force that fills one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second, and by undulations one hundred and twenty-seven trillions in a second, that one word God uttered—Light! And instantly the darkest of darkness, the thickest of blackness, to lift, and there were scintillations, and coruscations and flashes and a billowing up of rependence, and in great sheets it spread out northward, southward, eastward, westward, and a radiance thereupon shined until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the great blessing that touched human eyes. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for He covers himself with light as with a garment. Oh, blessed light! I am so glad that was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start with. Light with light. That will make our work easier. That will keep our disposition more radiant. That will hinder even our losses from becoming too somber. Give us more light, natural light, intellectual light, everlasting light. For lack of it the body stumbles, and the soul stumbles. Oh, then Father of Lights, give us light! The great German philosopher in his last moment said: "I want more light." A minister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. Talmage, the immortal hymnologist, in his inspiring moments exclaimed, "Light! Light! Heaven itself is only more light. Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, upon all sorrow let in the light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is 7 o'clock. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Now it is Tuesday morning. A delicate and tremendous understanding is set apart for this day. There was a great upsurge of water. God by the wave of His hand this morning gathers part of it in suspended reservoirs and part of it He orders down into the rivers and lakes and seas. How to hang whole Atlantic oceans in the clouds without their spilling over except in right quantities and at right times was an undertaking that no one but Omnipotence would have dared. But God does it as easily as you would lift a glass of water. He hoists them two clouds each thirty miles wide and five miles high and balances them. Here He

lifts the cirrus clouds and spreads them out in great white banks, as though it had been snowing in heaven. And the cirrus stratus clouds in long parallel lines so straight you know an infinite geometer had drawn them. Clouds which are the army from which thunder storms get their bayonets of fire. Clouds which are oceans on the wing. No wonder, long after this first Tuesday of creation week, Eliza confounded Job with the question, "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Half of this Tuesday work of the other half is the work of compelling the waters to lie down in their deserts and pick up to the solid ground and pack it up into five elevations which are the continents. With His fingers He makes deep depressions in them, and these are the lakes, while at the piling up of the Alleghenies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyrenees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down-hill becomes the rivers, and then all around the earth these rivers come into confluence and become oceans. Beneath, as the clouds are oceans above, how soon the rivers got to their places when God said: "Hudson and James and Amazon, down to the Atlantic; Oregon and Sacramento down to the Pacific. Three-quarters of the earth being water and only one-quarter being land, nothing but Almightyness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not have devoured the one-fourth. Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean. Three-fourths of the world water. Pour it through the homes and make them pure. Four it through the prisons and make their occupants moral. Four it through the streets and make them healthy. There are several thousand people asleep in Greenwood, who, but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York, would have been today well and in churches. Take a street in Brooklyn, a filthy street that remained a moral street. How important an agency of reform water was well illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked it was plunged into the deluge and kept under for months, till its iniquity was soaked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and the Adriatic lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Now it is Wednesday morning of the third day of the week. Garden and horticulture will be born today. How queer the hills look, and so unattractive they seem hardly worth having been made. But something is to be done. The hills are to be made beautiful. Something beautiful is creeping all over them. It has the color of emerald. Aye, it is herbage. Hail to the green grass, God's favorite color and God's favorite plant, as I judge from the fact that He makes it the color of His robe, and that anything else. But look yonder! Something starts out of the ground and goes higher up, higher and higher, and spreads out broad leaves. It is a palm tree. Yonder is another growth, and its leaves hang down like a willow tree. And yonder is a growth with mighty sweep of branches. And here they come—the pear and the apple, and the peach and the pomegranate, and groves and orchards and forests, their shades and their fruit arduing the earth. We are pushing agriculture and fruit culture to great excellence in the nineteenth century, but we have nothing now to equal what I see on this Wednesday of the world's existence. It was a fact of the first Wednesday morning, and I tell you it mingles in its juices all the flavors of Spitzbergen and Newtown pippin and Rhode Island greening and Danvers winter sweet and Roxbury russet and Hubbard the cauliflower and the cauliflower where is the chandelier? No rising sun will roll in the morning, for if the sun is already created, its light will not yet reach the earth in three days. No moon or stars can brighten the night, for the moon and stars are not born yet, or, if created, their light will not yet reach the earth for some time yet. But there is need of immediate light. Where shall it come from? Desiring to accord for things a natural way, I tell you, say, and reasonably say, that heat and electricity throw out light independent of the sun, and that the metallic bases throw out light independent of the sun, and that alkalies throw out light independent of the sun. Oh, yes, all that is true, but do not think that the way light was created. The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that veiled the hemisphere, and the chaos of it, and the awful researches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew or, or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing, and pervading fluid, that light which thrills and garlands and lifts everything it touches, that word the full meaning of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring, the word which suggests a force that fills one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second, and by undulations one hundred and twenty-seven trillions in a second, that one word God uttered—Light! And instantly the darkest of darkness, the thickest of blackness, to lift, and there were scintillations, and coruscations and flashes and a billowing up of rependence, and in great sheets it spread out northward, southward, eastward, westward, and a radiance thereupon shined until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the great blessing that touched human eyes. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for He covers himself with light as with a garment. Oh, blessed light! I am so glad that was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start with. Light with light. That will make our work easier. That will keep our disposition more radiant. That will hinder even our losses from becoming too somber. Give us more light, natural light, intellectual light, everlasting light. For lack of it the body stumbles, and the soul stumbles. Oh, then Father of Lights, give us light! The great German philosopher in his last moment said: "I want more light." A minister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. Talmage, the immortal hymnologist, in his inspiring moments exclaimed, "Light! Light! Heaven itself is only more light. Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, upon all sorrow let in the light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is 7 o'clock. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Now it is Thursday morning of the world's first week. Nothing will be created today. The hours will be passed in scattering fogs and mists and vapors. The atmosphere must be swept clean. Other worlds are to be born in this little ship of the earth has seemed to have all the ocean of immensity to itself. But mightier crafts are to be hailed today on the high seas of space. First, the moon's white soil appears and does very well under the microscope of the telescope. The light that on the previous three mornings was struck from an especial word now gathers in the sun, moon and stars. One for the day and the others for the night. Week, good thing to start with. Light with light. That will make our work easier. That will keep our disposition more radiant. That will hinder even our losses from becoming too somber. Give us more light, natural light, intellectual light, everlasting light. For lack of it the body stumbles, and the soul stumbles. Oh, then Father of Lights, give us light! The great German philosopher in his last moment said: "I want more light." A minister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. Talmage, the immortal hymnologist, in his inspiring moments exclaimed, "Light! Light! Heaven itself is only more light. Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, upon all sorrow let in the light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is 7 o'clock. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

viere and the Linnaeuses and the ichthyologists of the more than six thousand years following this Friday of the first week. And while I stand on the banks of these paradisaical rivers watching these funny tribes, I hear a whirr in the air and I look up and behold wings—wings of larks, robins, doves, eagles, flamingos, albatrosses, brown-throats. Creatures of all color, blue as if dipped in the skies, fiery as if they had flown out of the sunsets, golden as if they had taken their morning bath in buttercups. And while I am studying the colors, they begin to carol and chirp and coo and twitter and run up and down the scales of a music that picks up to the solid ground and packs it up into five elevations which are the continents. With His fingers He makes deep depressions in them, and these are the lakes, while at the piling up of the Alleghenies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyrenees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down-hill becomes the rivers, and then all around the earth these rivers come into confluence and become oceans. Beneath, as the clouds are oceans above, how soon the rivers got to their places when God said: "Hudson and James and Amazon, down to the Atlantic; Oregon and Sacramento down to the Pacific. Three-quarters of the earth being water and only one-quarter being land, nothing but Almightyness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not have devoured the one-fourth. Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean. Three-fourths of the world water. Pour it through the homes and make them pure. Four it through the prisons and make their occupants moral. Four it through the streets and make them healthy. There are several thousand people asleep in Greenwood, who, but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York, would have been today well and in churches. Take a street in Brooklyn, a filthy street that remained a moral street. How important an agency of reform water was well illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked it was plunged into the deluge and kept under for months, till its iniquity was soaked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and the Adriatic lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Now it is Friday morning of the world's first week and with this day the week closes and the sun sets and the moon rises and the stars appear and the world is in the hands of the Creator. The air has its population and the water its population. Yet the land has not one inhabitant, but here they come by the voice of God created! Horses gallop and trot and canter in after time still. But the sun and moon and stars keep on the same path in the sky and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for a while, but they get out of order and stop. Still, I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did week closes and the sun sets and the moon rises and the stars appear and the world is in the hands of the Creator. The air has its population and the water its population. 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